It was my hint to ſpeake, ſuch was my proceſſe:
And of the *Cannibals*, that each other eate;
The *Anthropophagie*, and men whoſe heads
Doe grow beneath their ſhoulders: theſe to heare,
Would *Deſdemona* ſeriouſly incline;
But ſtill the houſe affaires would draw her thence,
Which euer as ſhe could with haſt diſpatch,
Shee'd come againe, and with a greedy eare
Deuoure up my diſcourſe; which I obſeruing,
Tooke onee a plyant houre, and found good meanes
To draw from her a prayer of earneſt heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcells ſhe had ſomething heard,
But not intentiuely, I did conſent,
And often did beguile her of her teares,
When I did ſpeake of ſome diſtreſfull ſtroake
That my youth ſuffered: my ſtory being done;
She gaue me for my paines a world of ſighes;
She ſwore I faith twas ſtrange, twas paſsing ſtrange;
Twas pittifull, twas wonderous pittifull;
She wiſht ſhe had not heard it, yet ſhe wiſht
That heauen had made her ſuch a man: ſhe thanked me,
And bad me if I had a friend that loued her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my ſtory,
And that would woe her. Vpon this heate I ſpake:
She lou'd me for the dangers I had paſt.
And I lou'd her that ſhe did pitty them.
This onely is the witchcraft I haue vs'd:
Here comes the Lady,
Let her witneſſe it.

Enter Deſdemona, Iago, *and the reſt.*

Du. I thinke this tale would win my daughter too;—
Good *Brabantio*, take vp this mangled matter at the beſt,
Men doe their broken weapons rather vſe,
Then their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you heare her ſpeake.
If ſhe confeſſe that ſhe was halfe the wooer,

De-

Deſtruction light on me, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle miſtreſſe:
Doe you perceiue in all this noble company,
Where moſt you owe obedience?

Def. My noble father,
I doe perceiue here a deuided duty:
To you I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both doe learne me
How to reſpect you, you are the Lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter. But heere's my husba
And ſo much duty as my mother ſhewed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge, that I may profeſſe,
Due to the Moore my Lord.

Bra. God bu'y, I ha done:
Pleaſe it your Grace, on to the State affaires;
I had rather to adopt a child then get it;
Come hither Moore:
I here doe giue thee that, withall my heart,
Which but thou haſt already, with all my heart
I would keepe from thee: for your ſake (Iewell,)
I am glad at ſoule, I haue no other childe,
For thy eſcape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on em, I haue done my Lord.

Du. Let me ſpeake like your ſelfe, and lay a ſent
Which as a greeſe or ſtep may helpe theſe louers
Into your fauour.
When remedies are paſt, the griefes are ended,
By ſeeing the worſt, which late on hopes depended,
To mourne a miſcheife that is paſt and gone,
Is the next way to draw more miſchiefe on:
What cannot be preſeru'd when fortune takes,
Patience her iniury a mockery makes.
The rob'd that ſmiles, ſteales ſomething from the th
He robs himſelfe, that ſpends a booteleſſe griefe.

Bra. So let the *Turke*, of *Cyprus* vs beguile,
We loſe it not ſo long as we can ſmile;
He beares the ſentence well that nothing beares,